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**Profiteers—and Farmers**

Denunciation of war profiteering and  
demands for general price-fixing, coming  
simultaneously from two such widely dif-  
fering bodies as the Chamber of Com-  
merce of the United States and the farm-  
ers' convention engineered by the Non-  
Partisan League at St. Paul, testify elo-  
quently to the determination of the coun-  
try at large that there shall be no "goulash  
barons" here. It is excellent that these  
elements are in agreement on a policy of  
such vital importance to the country at  
this time. But it could be wished that the  
farmers' advocacy of it did not spring ap-  
parently from vindictiveness.

This particular group of farmers, to  
judge by the tenor of the addresses made  
at its convention, views itself in the light  
of a victim of the price-fixing already be-  
gun by the government. These men say,  
in effect: "We've been hard hit; our profits  
have been taken. Take everybody else's!  
Conscript wealth! Take all incomes over  
\$100,000! Wipe out the soft-handed ex-  
ploiter who wave flags but keep lobbyists  
at Washington to help them rob the toilers.  
We are feeding the country and the army  
while they are rolling up fortunes. We  
will not submit to being the only victims  
of a movement termed patriotism!"

It is a trifle hard for the ordinary citi-  
zen to regard the wheat growers, or farm-  
ers in general now, for that matter, as  
victims of war conditions. These farmers  
refuse to regard themselves as profiteers,  
yet the statement of Mr. G. E. McCall, of  
the Kansas State College of Agriculture,  
regarded as an authority on the subject,  
that with wheat at \$2.20 a bushel the aver-  
age farmer nets \$1.41 profit scarcely  
leaves them in the position of victims of  
the government-fixed price. Whether  
their profits are \$1.41 a bushel or some-  
what less, nobody who remembers that a  
couple of years ago \$2 wheat represented  
the wildest dreams of riches for most of  
them is questioning the fairness, even the  
liberality, of the present price.

Last July President McCall of the  
Kansas Farmers' Union told a representa-  
tive of The Tribune: "Our people are not  
excited about the war. It's too far away.  
... We're patriotic, though. We'll be  
more patriotic if President Wilson fixes  
the minimum price of wheat at \$2 to the  
farmer. At \$2.50 we would be wildly patri-  
otic." This spirit does not seem to be  
confined to the wheat growers. Ex-Senator  
McLaurin, of South Carolina, told the  
Non-Partisan League that his patriotism  
was running low with cotton at six cents,  
but since it had risen to twenty-six cents  
he had become a powerful patriot, willing  
to shout "Bless the Lord! Let's lick the  
Germans!"

If this isn't exactly the same brand of  
"pocket patriotism" which the Non-Parti-  
san League's members denounced so fer-  
vently in "capital," what is it? Apparent-  
ly, it makes a difference whose ox is  
gored. The business men and manufactur-  
ers typified by the membership of the  
Chamber of Commerce of the United  
States are "capitalists."

This organization does not regard itself  
as likely to be victimized by price-fixing.  
It says to the government that the opera-  
tion of business has been vitally affected  
by the price-fixing already in effect. There  
is no assurance of obtaining supplies in  
competition with the government as a pur-  
chaser, and no way of knowing what costs  
will be and, consequently, what prices  
ought to be. But the remedy for this re-  
sult of price-fixing is more price-fixing.  
It must continue, the Chamber urges, until  
prices are fixed for every basic industry,  
even until the prices are fixed for labor  
entering into the production of all articles  
on which prices are fixed. Otherwise,  
work cannot go on.

This matter of price-fixing and the wip-  
ing out of profiteering is a vast issue, with  
many angles. It might pay the perver-  
sity of the Non-Partisan League to con-  
sider, for instance, the fact that the  
United States Steel Corporation, which  
they'd probably consider the greatest  
profiteer and exploiter of them all, has  
since the beginning of 1916 raised the  
wages of its employees in the aggregate  
about 60 per cent. There is altogether too  
much indiscriminate denunciation of

profiteering these days and altogether too  
little attention on the part of any one class  
in the community to keeping prices at a  
minimum. It does not behoove the wheat  
growers to asperse the patriotism of any  
other citizens, particularly until the wheat  
leaves their bins more freely than it is  
moving at present.

Merchants and manufacturers, great  
corporations and their highly skilled and  
highly paid executives, are as necessary  
to the successful prosecution of America's  
war as the wheat growers and the cotton  
planters. The country has no more use  
for a profiteer farmer than for a profiteer  
steel man. The abolishment of profiteer-  
ing in all lines will come sooner and more  
certainly if the problem can be attacked  
without class rancor and downright  
demagoguery.

**By All Means a Recount**

Mayor Mitchell's quiet application for a  
recount of the ballots in the Republican  
primary, made while his opponent was still  
talking about one but had not taken the  
course open to him under the law, should  
effectually remove this as a political issue.  
The Mayor has gone about the affair in his  
usual straightforward and manly fashion.  
If the Republicans of the city nominated  
somebody else, he says, he certainly doesn't  
want his name to appear on the ballots as  
the Republican candidate; he desires noth-  
ing to which he is not entitled, and he will  
have no nomination to which there is a  
shadow of doubt attached.

With the Mitchell lead cut down as it  
has been by the latest returns, it is a good  
thing to have an official inspection of the  
ballots. If there was crookedness in the  
primaries—for which the present system  
leaves slight opportunity—or if there were  
errors which would change the result, the  
fact should be disclosed. If Mr. Bennett  
really won the nomination Mayor Mitchell  
would be the last man to wish to obtain an  
advantage through crookedness or error,  
and no supporter of his could deem a sit-  
uation advantageous to his candidacy  
which gives opportunity for reiteration of  
a cry of fraud. A recount will put an end  
to challenge and question of the result,  
once for all.

Whatever the recount shows, the Mayor's  
name will appear on the election ballots.  
The victory of Mr. Bennett could only re-  
sult in extension of the aid and comfort to  
Tammany which his primary campaign af-  
forded. Probably even he does not imagine  
that he could win the election if he were  
the Republican nominee, or could, indeed,  
do anything but accomplish the defeat of  
the best Mayor the city has ever had. But  
if, by any combination of circumstances,  
such opportunity for mischief legally is  
his, he should have his pound of flesh.

**Backward Americans**

Did you notice the little item telling of  
Harold Levensaler, of Sebec, Me., twenty-  
three years old, one of our conscripts? On  
the trip to his camp at Ayer, Mass., he had  
his first ride on a railway. Also, he rode  
in his first automobile. Also, he saw  
his first electric lights and first motion  
pictures.

Now, Sebec is not in the North Woods.  
It is only thirty-five miles northwest of  
Bangor, about half way between Bangor  
and Moosehead Lake. The Bangor &  
Aroostook line passes near by, and the Cana-  
dian Pacific only a little further off to  
the north. The township has 549 inhabi-  
tants and the whole county, Piscataquis,  
is very sparsely settled. It is not to be  
compared with prosperous Aroostook,  
where the potatoes come from. Yet, how  
could anybody live twenty-three years so  
close to everything that is new and inter-  
esting in modern life and know nothing  
about it? An able-bodied man could walk  
to Bangor in a couple of days if he wanted  
to. How are such isolation and insularity  
possible in the Eastern States of short  
distances and many railroads?

The answer is that isolation and back-  
wardness depend far more upon the com-  
munity than upon its accessibility. How  
do city slums come into being, for ex-  
ample? They may be, often are, around  
the corner from all the resources of civil-  
ization as we know them. So with our  
rural slums. Every state has them. Their  
character ranges from a poverty-stricken  
crossroads in Maine, farms pitched on  
thin, worthless soil, families still coura-  
geous, self-respecting and struggling, but  
hopelessly beaten in the fight for a decent  
living, to such weakened, degenerate stock  
as the Pineys, of New Jersey, or the  
Jackson Whites, of Rockland County, New  
York. Somewhere in between and of vary-  
ing fibre and possibilities are the moun-  
tainers of Tennessee and that whole  
strange race of fine old Americans gone to  
seed in the Appalachian highlands.

There is a yarn of another Maine dis-  
trict, a rocky spine projecting into Casco  
Bay, somewhere north of Portland. On it  
lives a small group of farmer-fishermen  
who have intermarried for generations. It  
is perhaps twenty miles to Bangor, the  
nearest town. On a certain Sunday father  
set out afoot with his twenty-five-year-old  
son to give him his first sight of a city.  
Come to Bangor, father started to take  
son across the Boston & Maine tracks  
which cut the main street at grade. Just  
then a Bar Harbor express came whoop-  
ing down from the north. It was too much  
for son. He fled with a yell, father calling  
"Babe! Babe!" after him in vain. Ac-  
cording to tradition, son was only con-  
vinced to the far side of the metropolis by  
being led up the track to a street that  
crossed on a bridge. No colt could have  
been shyer.

There may be spots in the West to cor-  
respond with these Eastern islands. But  
they are not frequent. Provinciality is  
the product not of remoteness, but pri-  
marily of plain economic failure. Almost  
without exception the downhearted, un-  
ambitious, degenerating community has  
cast its lot upon a poor, hopeless soil. The  
West is still scratching its golden surface  
and the chance for backward tendencies

is still to come. How cure ourselves of  
these rural slums? By realizing that there  
is an economic deadline for country dis-  
tricts, precisely as for factory workers, for  
the chief thing. Meantime, let us not over-  
look the good work that conscription does  
in quickening spirits from Sebec to Santa  
Barbara.

**"War Food" and How to Get It**

Why not "war restaurants"? And  
"war food stores"? Mr. Hoover's exhorta-  
tions to abstain from white bread two  
days a week or at one meal each day  
have the approval of all good citizens.  
Many housewives have posted the Hoover  
rules in their kitchens. But then the trouble  
begins. Where is the housewife going  
to get at a reasonable price the substitu-  
tes for white bread which the food  
boards recommend to her?

Even before the need for saving wheat  
flour arose the public was assured that  
white flour was a luxury, and that it was  
distinctly inferior to unwhitened flour in  
nutritive value. White bread, we were told,  
was sold on its looks, just as white eggs  
bring a much higher price than brown  
eggs do.

Most sensible people are willing to eat  
whole wheat bread, or even "war" bread,  
not only as a matter of patriotic duty, but  
on the assurance that it has a greater food  
value. But so perverse are the purveyors  
of foodstuffs that they have never been  
willing to push the sale of the more  
wholesome and naturally cheaper dark  
breads. Whole wheat bread, instead of  
being treated as a non-fashionable though  
superior substitute for whitened bread, has  
been sold at the same price as whitened  
bread, on the pretext that it must also be  
considered a luxury because so few people  
eat it.

One way to save wheat is to make real  
war bread and sell it at a cheaper price  
than the bleached white bread. Another  
way is to sell corn bread instead of white  
bread and cornmeal instead of flour. Hun-  
dreds of thousands of Americans would  
gladly eat corn bread if they had an op-  
portunity to do so. But outside the South  
its use is rare, and has been frowned upon  
by the flour dealers and bakers. Corn  
bread ought to be a boon to a public com-  
plaining of high wheat bread prices. There  
is no sign as yet of any real effort to in-  
troduce the use of corn bread in commu-  
nities like ours, which are unfamiliar  
with it.

The Assistant Secretary of Agriculture,  
Mr. Vrooman, is right when he says that  
there is little hope of overcoming the  
inertia of the bread makers and flour  
handlers unless the government itself  
steps in and convinces the public that it  
ought now to be getting an excellent sub-  
stitute for white bread at a much lower  
rate than it is accustomed to pay for white  
bread. Mr. Vrooman advocates "war res-  
taurants" and "war food stores," run un-  
der the guidance of the Federal Food  
Board. What is needed above everything  
else is a demonstration that much wheat  
bread can easily be supplanted by corn  
bread, to the great benefit of the American  
consumer. The public cannot work out  
its own salvation in this respect. The im-  
petus must come from the government,  
which has the resources to make the ex-  
periment and the power to coerce the  
millers and bakers into coöperating with  
its agents.

Food conservation bulletins are all right  
in their way. But the real thing is the  
government-managed war food store and  
restaurant.

**An Indispensable Diathesis**

If dealers in nostrums were ever in any  
way affected by the explosion of worn-  
out medical superstitions many of the  
most prosperous among them would be  
sorely dismayed by the discoveries of Dr.  
J. B. Berkart in "The British Medical  
Journal." They know their public well  
enough, however, to be assured that a bug-  
ear so ancient as uric acid, a bugbear so  
well established on the authority of so  
many trustworthy accusers, cannot lightly  
be excoriated by any modern, and so the  
best evidence in the world will not suffice  
to discredit the value of those priceless  
solvents which have served so long to pro-  
vide against the ever-growing series of  
evils attributed to the gouty habit.

Dr. Berkart's contention is that neither  
clinical data nor the results of experi-  
mental inquiry afford the slightest proof  
of any pathogenic property in uric acid.  
In no case have subcutaneous injections  
of the substance produced gouty inflamma-  
tion in the joints or tendons of animals,  
and if deposits more or less resembling  
gouty tophi have occasionally been in-  
duced in this way, it was only when the  
quantities used exceeded those observed in  
human cases by about thirty. And even  
then the identity of the deposits with the  
kind so often associated with gout was at  
least questionable.

In a word, Dr. Berkart insists that uric  
acid has been found guilty upon the most  
ridiculously inadequate evidence, and "not  
only is the use of the pretended remedies  
to cure the various functional derange-  
ments and organic lesions which are  
wrongly attributed to uric acid recom-  
mended upon a baseless hypothesis, but it  
is mischievous also, because it allures the  
unwary sufferer by specious advertise-  
ments of its effectiveness to have recourse  
to it and continue with it until its failure  
is evident."

However, it really does not matter. The  
classical type of acute gout is not so com-  
mon in this country that the dispensers of  
solvents need be troubled about it, and  
since the gouty diathesis has been exten-  
ded so as to embrace an incredible  
variety of possibilities, patients will not be  
unduly worried by the failure of the uric  
acid hypothesis. If the worst comes to the  
worst the deivers of cures can change the  
name, and the solvent will still be as  
magical as ever. If gout itself were to be  
abolished it would be another matter; but  
even then the doctors themselves would be  
obliged to invent some equivalent to ac-  
count for conditions otherwise unaccount-  
able.

**\$3 Opera for \$6**

**A Comparison of Present Singers**

**With the Giants of Old**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: As an attendant at opera whenever  
I deem the musical fare promised warrants  
the expenditure demanded, I have been much  
interested in the letters in your paper dis-  
cussing \$3 opera and possible competition  
with the Metropolitan. Both seem to me  
desirable, if possible. The reason a \$3  
charge seems desirable is that in my judg-  
ment this city now has \$3 opera most of  
the time, but the box office asks \$6 for or-  
chestra tickets.

That statement implies standards and com-  
parisons. I am not yet in the armchair-by-  
the-fireplace stage of life, but I can remember  
back a decade or two. The roster at the  
Metropolitan in that period included the de  
Rezkes, Plancon, Nordica, Eames, Melba,  
Calvé, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Dippel,  
Edythe Walker, Termini, Fremstad, Van Rooy,  
Burgstaller, Bispham—not all at one time,  
naturally, but I recall an all-star production  
of "Huguenots" in Mr. Graus's time which  
presented the de Rezkes and Plancon, Nor-  
dica, Sembrich and one or two other eminent  
artists whose names have escaped me at the  
moment. A cast comparable to that is not  
remotely within the range of the Metropoli-  
tan's possibilities to-day. Yet orchestra  
chairs then cost only \$5.

At present we are not without stars, and  
not without a very few sterling artists. But  
the two singers who according to popular  
esteem and box office takings really deserve  
to be called "stars"—Carnio and Farrar—  
date back to 1905 and 1906, respectively, if  
my memory is correct. Most of the singers  
brought here in the last four or five years  
have been of the routine type familiar in the  
smaller European opera houses. They have  
not had the artistic reputation and stature  
of those of the old days, nor have they in  
most cases had the fresh, golden voices of  
the youth—the "voice with the velvet"—as  
the Italians phrase it—which alone might  
compensate for lack of those other qualifica-  
tions. Let me say, therefore, that if the singers of this day  
cannot compare with those of fifteen years  
ago, the orchestra itself is better, though  
the conductors of recent years, save Tos-  
canini and Hertz, have not been giants.  
Moreover, a great improvement is discerni-  
ble in the staging of operas, though there  
may be some question whether this has kept  
pace with the general advance in stagecraft  
and the technique of production.

Whenever such contentions are advanced,  
defenders of the opera management insist  
that it goes with its own brains and money.  
Oscar Hammerstein gave to this city an in-  
teresting and stimulating period of opera  
as it has been my fortune to live through.  
He built up, almost overnight, a company  
which numbered among its artists Mary  
Garden, Tetrazzini, Bressler-Gianoli, whose  
Carmen was one of the great ones of the  
world; Eleonora de Cisneros, Gertrude  
Reache, Bonci, Constantino, Zenatello, Sam-  
marco, Dalmores, Renaud, Dufrenoy, and  
since one of the Metropolitan's finest actors,  
for conductor the magnificent Campanini.  
Why, then, not a great organization with  
great resources find material equally good?

Our opera house purports to be as good  
as any in the world, and better than most.  
For its charges it should give opera with  
the best singers in the world. It has fallen  
below its old standards. Personally, I think  
competition from an individual with brains  
would produce an amazing improvement, as  
Hammerstein's competition improved it.  
I shall continue to think that any \$6 I pay for  
a seat ought to be only \$3. C. W. F.  
New York, Sept. 22, 1917.

**Admiration and Appreciation**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The American newspaper which is  
making the most intelligent and most help-  
ful fight for our side in the war is The New  
York Tribune.

Reading The Tribune daily, I am impressed  
with the fact that you are making a real  
fight for our country; you are concentrating  
the energies of your staff and your organi-  
zation to this end. The publicity you give  
to questions connected with our efforts in  
the war—and to our lack of efforts in some  
very important matters, such as failure to  
censor letters and messages going to foreign  
enemies—is distinctly constructive. You  
advocate waging the war, while it lasts, on  
a 100 per cent war basis, and until the loyal  
men and women of our country realize the  
necessity of carrying out this policy we will  
not accomplish what we have set out to do.

I have expressed only a small part of the  
admiration and appreciation which you have  
earned by your consistently patriotic and  
practical editorial and news policies—admira-  
tion and appreciation which I feel deeply.  
H. S. REAVIS.  
New York, Sept. 21, 1917.

**The Youth of France**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: I take this opportunity to ask you to  
permit me to bring your attention to your  
article of last Sunday on the Boche losses.  
You seem to be under the impression that  
the French class of 1918 has been mobilized  
or is about to be called to the colors. This  
is incorrect. I have charge here of the mili-  
tary affairs and I can assure you that this  
class has not even been what we call  
"recensed"—that is to say, that the young  
men who belong to this class have not yet  
been asked to register (as was done here the  
6th of June for Americans liable to military  
duty under the conscription law).

I do not believe personally that this regis-  
tration, which requires a law from Parlia-  
ment, will take place before November, which  
would mean that the men would not be called  
before January or February, 1918—that is to  
say, that these future soldiers will be nineteen  
years of age when they will serve and will  
certainly not be sent to the front before June  
or July of next year. This class forms,  
therefore, a surplus of about 300,000 for the  
French army. FRANCAIS.  
New York, Sept. 23, 1917.

**Imperial Contempt**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The hypocrisy of the German Em-  
peror has never been better illustrated than  
by his phrase "The material power of arms  
must be superseded by the moral power of  
right."

If the Kaiser really believes what he has  
always claimed, viz., that he rules by di-  
vine right and that his armies will conquer  
through divine guidance, then it must be his  
belief that armies under such leadership con-  
stitute the "moral power of right." By the  
same reasoning the forces of the Allies,  
fighting as they are against divinely led  
troops, are nothing more than the "material  
power of arms."

Stripped, then, of its highly moral sheep-  
skin, his wolfish dictum reads thus: "The  
material power of the Allied arms must be  
superseded by the moral power of the di-  
vinely led German army."

OLIVER HERFORD.  
New York, Sept. 23, 1917.

**How Germany Treats French Prisoners**

**By General André Cherfils**

**Translated From "L'Echo de Paris" by William L. McPherson**

I have just returned from Switzerland. I  
went there to see a soldier who was wounded  
by an explosive bullet, and who, after three  
grave illnesses, was delivered to a Swiss  
internment camp. I have heard not only his  
story, but the stories of several of his com-  
rades. I am going to write the essential pas-  
sages—those which are impersonal and have  
a general significance. They will constitute  
a faithful picture of the régime under which  
our men suffer in Germany.

But first of all, I must express for them  
their gratitude for the affectionate and de-  
voted care which they have received in Swit-  
zerland. They are being born again there.  
After having been treated more harshly than  
animals, they are astonished at being treated  
once more as human beings.

I shall describe the three successive régimes  
to which our men have been subjected: The  
ordinary camp, reprisal treatment in Poland  
and reprisal treatment on the Western front.

**The Ordinary Camp**  
This is the way things are done at the Stut-  
gart camps, where two brutes hold sway—  
Feldwebels Nirsgraten and Aichinger. Men  
were punished there with imprisonment for  
trifles; and the days of the prison sentence  
are multiplied automatically three times by  
the commandant of the camp. Daily exercise  
was varied with barbarous innovations. Once,  
in a glacial cold, the feldwebel kept them  
for half an hour at attention absolutely  
immobile. Another time he made them lie  
down in the mud. The rations were: In the  
morning a boiled black water, misnamed cof-  
fee, made of barley; at midday, soup; in the  
evening, another soup made of French con-  
serves, stolen out of the prisoners' packages.  
All the boxes of preserves were opened under  
the pretext of looking in them for papers es-  
corting the prisoners to apply sabotage to the  
crops. The ration of bread was about three  
hundred grammes a day. Our soldiers,  
especially those without means, were able to  
live only by virtue of the forty-eight biscuits  
(two kilos and a half a week) sent weekly by  
the French government, and by virtue of the  
packages which the Red Cross delivers to the  
indigent, under the direction of our own pri-  
soners.

**Reprisals on the Russian Front**  
The journey from Stuttgart to Suwalki was  
made in three instalments, each twenty-four  
hours long. The prisoners, shut up by fifties in  
cattle cars, remained for twenty-four hours  
without any food. Their cars were locked and  
barred, so that no one could get out.

The work there consisted of loading trees  
on flat platforms, pushing them to the saw-  
mills, sawing them up and putting them in  
wagons. The pay was 30 pfennigs, or 45 cen-  
times, a day. A canteen sold cakes and honey.  
For food barley coffee on rising, farina soup  
and potatoes at noon, and in the evening 300  
grammes of bread, which, for the sick, was  
reduced to 200 grammes, on the plea of econ-  
omy. Never a meat—little piece of sausage  
once a month. Work lasted from 7 a. m.  
to 11:30 a. m. and from 1 p. m. to 6 p. m.  
The men slept on the floor without any straw,  
in huts sunk into the ground almost to the  
roof and covered with branches and mud. Our  
soldiers were almost devoured by lice and  
mosquitoes, ravaged by malaria and dysen-  
tery, deprived of sleep, passing the short  
nights of the latitude in contemplation of the  
heavens, lightened by the magic of dawn  
which follow close to the heels of twilight.

Their packages arrived, after two months  
of travel, completely empty. Their correspon-  
dence was cut off. For five months their  
families remained without news of them.

**Reprisals on the West Front**  
Our prisoners, divided in commandos of  
one thousand, were sent to this front from  
January 1 to May 1. These reprisals ended  
on May 1 because their purpose was attained  
and their practical utility then ceased. Our  
men were brought to our front in order to  
construct there the famous Hindenburg line.  
It was they, to the number of about thirty  
thousand, who dug the system of three or  
four lines of trenches and connecting ditches  
which constituted the defensive position to  
which the so-called "strategic withdrawal"  
led.

The reprisal commandos were brought be-  
hind the front from Arras to Verdun. The  
4th to 10th of June these reprisals ended  
on May 1 because their purpose was attained  
and their practical utility then ceased. Our  
men were brought to our front in order to  
construct there the famous Hindenburg line.  
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which constituted the defensive position to  
which the so-called "strategic withdrawal"  
led.

**Theory and Practice**

**Can Woman's Place Be at a Peace Meeting?**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Do my eyes deceive me, or can it be  
possible that the Mrs. Annie Riley Hale, who  
has had such prominence on the front pages  
of our dailies this week, because of alleged  
disturbance and arrest at a peace meeting, is  
the same Mrs. Annie Riley Hale who, for the  
last two years, has written, in these same  
dailies, such scornful denunciations of women  
presuming to ask for the vote?

Can it be that she who preached so em-  
phatically the seclusion of women in their  
homes, the immodesty of their sallying forth  
therefrom, should have so far forgotten her  
feminine instincts as to go to a peace meet-  
ing with her husband?

I was further horrified by reading her  
statement that she had electioneered for Wil-  
son last fall.

To think that a woman who declares that  
women have neither the brains, emotional  
qualities, fitness, time nor right to vote  
should hasten out to spend time telling other  
folks, both men and women, how to vote, is  
surely to realize that we are living in a de-  
moralized world. STELLA CROSSLY.  
Herkimer, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1917.

**"The Choice"**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: As an advocate of Mayor Mitchell's  
re-election, I commend strongly your leader  
"The Choice" in to-day's Tribune, and with  
it Mr. Hughes's declaration that "Mayor  
Mitchell's administration is the best the city  
ever had." It is, as you have well said, "a  
smooth running, economically administered  
business." And so it is viewed up at Co-  
lumbia University, of which the Mayor is  
an alumnus, and when he received, last June,  
his LL. D. from President Butler, the latter  
spoke as follows: "Sixth in the great series  
of mayors that Columbia has given to the  
metropolitan city it loves and serves; bring-  
ing to this vast and many sided community  
all the resources of a high intelligence and  
a fine character. Knowing no end but the  
public good, the highest type of devoted and  
courageous public servant." High praise  
indeed, but does it not rightly belong to this  
conscientious public officer and faithful mil-  
itant patriot?  
J. C. PUMPELLY.  
New York, Sept. 21, 1917.

**Naval Reserve Defended**

**What It Has Done for Its Members and for the Country**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: There has been much talk in the  
newspapers of late concerning the organiza-  
tion, or rather lack of it, of the Naval Re-  
serve. If, as is intimated, the Naval Reserve's  
part in pushing the war has been a negative  
quantity, then perhaps public opinion is justi-  
fied in running down this branch of the  
service.

I question, however, the value of newspaper  
criticism of the working of any cog in our  
complicated and pitifully new war machine.  
There are, I am sure, enough West Point and  
Annapolis—for which let us render thanks—  
men in the service to adjust matters in a com-  
paratively short time. No one can question  
their knowledge of military and naval or-  
ganization. Mistakes made at the beginning  
are now being rectified by minds trained for  
that express purpose. Criticism from these  
builds up what less informed knocking de-  
stroy. There is nothing more exasperating  
than to have the futility of your chosen  
enterprise pointed out by one who knows ab-  
solutely nothing about it. Let the new pa-  
pers follow The Tribune's lead and solidify  
public opinion on the nation's just course  
in this war, leaving technical matters to  
technicians.

There is much about the Naval Reserve  
still unsaid, both pro and con. Much of it  
may be offered to secure enlistments last April  
even at that time too candid to be  
seriously considered. Those of us who signed  
the papers knew we were swallowing a sugar-  
coated pill. The further charges of incom-  
petence in the officers are quite true. Officers  
of a newly formed organization should not  
be expected to be perfect at the very outset.  
There are some things, I imagine, even an  
officer can learn.

Speaking merely as an individual—and what  
does the individual voice amount to these  
days?—I can truthfully say that the Naval  
Reserve has done wonders for me. It has put  
me in the line of duty. I have learned how  
to use a compass course; how to send and re-  
ceive semaphore, wig-wag, blinker light and  
international flag hoists; how to write up a  
ship's log. I have picked up a working  
acquaintance with the drill regulations and  
the manual of arms, an idea of the mecha-  
nism of a Springfield rifle, a good suggestion  
of deck seamanship, and a vague knowledge  
of naval routine and etiquette. I use "vague"  
advisedly.

It would be altogether out of place for me  
to say all that the Naval Reserve has done  
for me, incinerating the German nuisance.  
Suffice it to say, it has not been altogether  
idle. G. M. M.  
New Haven, Conn., Sept. 21, 1917.

**Since Nobody Cares**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Your correspondent, "J. A. G.," ob-  
jects to my criticism of the programme  
maker of the Community Chorus, and asserts  
that it was the composers of the music, not  
the authors of the verses, to whom credits  
were given under each printed poem. If this  
was the intention, how does it happen that  
David T. Shaw, author of "Columbia, the  
Gem of the Ocean," is set down as the "com-  
poser" of that work, while the name of  
Thomas Becket, the creator of the music, is  
omitted? Again, why has the programme  
maker set the name of Augusta E. Steiner  
as the "composer" of the music sung to the  
poem "Love's Lullaby," of which she hap-  
pens to be the author? And, yet again, why  
is the music of "Annie Laurie" credited in  
the programme to Lady Scott, who is alleged  
to have written the verses, which, by the  
bye, no less an authority than the late  
William Cullen Bryant declares to be an-  
onymous?

The truth about the whole musical pro-  
gramme business is that anybody who  
makes a setting of an old song and sticks  
his name to it is given the credit of the  
original, without regard to truth or justice.  
Many collections of old songs are filled with  
errors of this character, and even the  
hymnals of the churches contain frequent  
examples of unpardonable deliberate musical  
and literary plagiarism. But why continue,  
since nobody cares, and the creators of the  
originals are dead?

As for disputed authorship, it is often  
hard to prove. I know it from personal ex-  
perience. Forty years ago, when at Yale,  
Arthur Twining Hadley and I wrote a "poem."  
This is it:  
"I had a rhizopod, with protoplasmic cells;  
I had a little nucleus, but I had nothing  
else.  
But now I am a man with evolved power—  
Yet, oh my little Nucleus, I need thee  
every hour!"

Now, Hadley wrote half of that poem and  
I the other half. But sometimes he gets  
the credit of the whole, and sometimes I get  
it. Like the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy,  
the matter has never been settled, and per-  
haps never can be. So we have decided that  
if some one will set the verses to music we  
will let him sign them and take the credit,  
and thus get the burden off our minds. Re-  
spectfully submitted to all music-makers.  
FREDERIC W. FANGBORN.  
New York, Sept. 21, 1917.

**Abandoned Orchards Wanted**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Has any one an abandoned orchard or  
one in little commercial use, the fruit of  
which he will donate to the National Plant  
Flower and Fruit Guild, 70 Fifth Avenue,  
New York? We will buy the crop outright  
just as it stands, if payment is desired and  
if sold cheap, and will send pickers to gather  
it. If the crop can be donated we will give  
the orchard two complete sprayings next  
spring and summer, and otherwise attend to  
its future cultivation. As a result of a ten-  
line item in The Tribune the guild obtained  
advance orders for delivery in October for  
nearly 1,600 big bags of apples at \$1 each,  
and are much in need of additional orchards  
to fill them. This is an experiment in its  
new work of conserving wasting crops.  
Wherever there is a waste crop threatened  
with loss of market we will rush labor to it  
in consideration of its low price.  
NATIONAL PLANT, FLOWER AND FRUIT  
GUILD, G. L. REES, Food Director.  
New York, Sept. 19, 1917.

**A Bit for the Railroads to Do**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: As nearly every one is crying "Do  
your bit," don't you think that the railroads  
might do their "bit" also? There are a num-  
ber of young men who have given up busi-  
ness, college and different positions and pre-  
fession, to "do their bit," and who are sta-  
tioned in and about New York and who live  
out of town, and when they get a chance to  
get home for a few hours, take the advantage  
to see their families; but the fares on the  
railroads are so high that a number are un-  
able to get home. Why does not some one try  
to get the roads to either give a pass of  
make some special rates for these young men  
who are compelled to wear their uniforms?  
You are a strong paper and you must take  
an interest in what is right, and don't you  
think that you could do something about it?  
JAMES A. JENKINS.  
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1917.